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The Nine MUSES.

OR,

P O E M S

Upon the Death of the late Famous

JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

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The Time M G S C

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Upon the Death of the late Famous

JOHN DRYDEN

The Nine MUSES.

O R,

POEMS

WRITTEN By

Nine several Ladies

Upon the Death of the late Famous

JOHN DRYDEN, *Esq;*

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*As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky,  
So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory,  
For thou shalt make it live, because it Sings of thee,*

}

*Mr. Dryden's Elegy on Lady Abington.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bassett, at the Mitre in  
*Fleetstreet, 1700.*



The Nine Muses.

OR

# POEMS

WRITTEN BY

Nine several Ladies

Upon the Death of the late Fairmons

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq.

Mr. Dryden's Elegy on Lady Abington.  
For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee,  
So shall this Verse preserve thy Memory,  
As Earth thy Body keeps, thy Soul the Sky.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Basset, at the Wine in  
Fleetstreet, 1700.



**TO THE**  
**RIGHT HONOURABLE**  
**Charles Montague, Esq;**  
**Auditor of His Majesty's Exchequer;**  
**and One of his Majesty's Most**  
**Honourable Privy Council.**

**SIR,**  
**A** *You are justly Entitled to the greatest share of the public favour, & Pardon that are done to those who give themselves the Honour of being their Representatives, could not fix upon a more deserving Patron.*

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*The Sex, which the Authors are of, is an excuse for their peevishness, and a commendation to Your Acceptance, and though to fall under Your Censure, is to be examined by the wisest of Judges, yet to have Recourse to a Gentleman, who is continually employ'd in Pardoning the Defects of Authors, and giving 'em Encouragement to Write something Worthy of His Pardon, takes off from the Apprehension of Your Displeasure, which I might otherwise Labour under.*

# The Dedication.

~~The Ladies, indeed themselves, might have had a better Plea for Your Reception; but since the modesty which is Natural to the Sex they are of, will not suffer 'em to do that Violence to their Tempers, I think my self Oblig'd to make a Present of what is Written in Honour of the most Consummate POET amongst our English Dead, to the most Distinguished amongst the Living. You have been pleas'd already to shew Your Respect to his Memory, in contributing so largely towards his Burial, notwithstanding He had no such happiness of Conduct, when alive, to give you Cause to Disclaim the Production of Him.~~

~~And though it may look something like innovation, upon the Practice of Men of my Profession, to take what is the business of Authors upon 'em, yet since I am not the first Bookseller that has Broken out off the Road, which is mark'd out for those of my Trade, I humbly beg leave to advance the Credit of the Papers, which are my Property, by prefixing a Name which must needs stamp Authority upon 'em, and the Honour of Subscribing.~~

S I R,

~~The Book, which the Authors are of, is an exercise of their pen, and their commendation to Your Acceptance, and though to fall under Your Consideration, is to be a great Honour, yet to have a Gentleman, who is continually employ'd in finding out the Defects of Authors, and giving 'em Encouragement to Write something Worthy of His Disposition, to take off from the Apprehension of Your Displeasure, which I might otherwise have under-~~

**Your most Obedient,**  
**and most Devoted**  
**Servant**  
**Ric. Basset.**



To my Friend,  
Upon his Publishing the following *POEMS*,  
Written by *Nine Ladies*, personating the  
*MUSES*.

**W**hen Ladies venture forth in Search of Fame,

And represent the Justice of their Claim,  
The tempting Goddess reaches out the Bait,  
And entertains the Sex with Draughts of Praise;  
As ev'ry Muse does in their Favour rise,  
And ev'ry Grace fits sparkling in their Eyes.

Our Sex would then, if Silent, much abuse,  
And shew it self unworthy of a Muse,  
Should we not Wit with Beauty joyn'd approve,  
When Beauty without Wit has forc'd our Love.

Believe me, Friend, and think my Censure true,  
I feel the Lover, and the Rival too,  
Raptur'd with Joys which all my Soul possess,  
Yet could almost have wish'd the Pleasure less;  
Since in their Lines I feel that strength of Thought,  
Which I could never reach tho' daily sought.

'Tis true, the Men their Tears have duely paid,  
And ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Shade:  
But oh! What God would listen to our Call?  
What Goddess lend us Strains to mourn his Fall?

Phabus



To my Friend, &c.

Phæbus had fix'd his longing Ears and Eyes,  
And dwell'd upon more acceptable Cries.

Hence issues forth, **TO MY FRIEND**  
Fair as their Sex, and as their Judgment strong,  
Moving in Force, and tempting in Ease,  
Secure of Fame, unknowing to displease,  
In ev'ry word like Agamippe clear,  
And close its meaning, and its Sence severe,  
As virtuous Thoughts with chaste Expressions join,  
And make 'em truly, what They feign, divine.

**W** And represent the Justice of their Claim  
Nor shall this Work be wanting to success,  
While Beauty's Deity, shall Beauty bless,  
While Dryden's Name, deduc'd to future Times,  
Shall give and take a lustre from its Rhimes,  
While Noble Montague's auspicious Name,  
Shall add t' its Merit, and preserve its Fame.

And when it self unworthy of a Muse,  
Should we not Wit with Beauty join'd approve,  
When Wit has forc'd our Love,  
Believe me, Friend, and think my Conscience true,  
I feel the Lover, and the Rival too,  
Rapt in a wild joy which my best powers  
Yet could almost have with'd the Pleasure less;  
Since in their Lines I feel that strength of Thought,  
Which I could never reach the daily thought.

'Tis true, the Men their Tears have duly paid,  
And **Melpomene** the Shade;  
But oh! What God would listen to our Cries,  
What Goddess lend us strains to mourn his Fall?

# Melpomene: *The Tragick Muse.*

## *On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;*

By Mrs. M----

COME all my Sisters now in Consort join,  
 Each weep her Favorite's loss with Tears Divine;  
 Fill all the Space with your immortal Sighs,  
 The vaulted Heavens return your louder Cries.  
 Ye Loves and Graces hang your Heads, and weep,  
 And every God a decent Silence keep;  
 That I may Grieve my fill, for Dryden's gone,  
 Well may I now the mourning Vail put on:  
 Well may I now with Cypress load my Brow,  
 For who like him can e'er invoke me now?  
 Who saw fair Killigrew's untimely fall,  
 And more than Rome made his Funeral.  
 Inspir'd by Me, for me, he cou'd Command;  
 Bright Abington's rich Monument shall stand  
 For evermore, the Wonder of the Land.  
 Oldham he snatch'd from an ignoble Fate,  
 Chang'd his cross Star for a more fortunate.  
 For who wou'd not with Pride resign his Breath,  
 To be so Lov'd, to be so Blest in Death.  
 Cromwel's great Genius here was greater shewn,  
 Well might such Vertues for one Vice atone;  
 If vast Ambition can be reckon'd Vice,  
 Which to great ~~Jove~~ gave the Imperial Skies.  
 The Monarch CHARLES he has Divinely Sung,  
 Well I remember, when my Graces hung  
 On each enchanting Accent of his Tongue.



Then a whole Hecatomb of Vows he made,  
 And I, the Offering, gratefully repaid;  
 For this alone he has deserv'd the Prize,  
 As *Ranelagh*, for her Victorious Lyes,  
 When on the Tragick Theme my Hero wrote,  
 I lent him all my Fire, and every Thought;  
 How Artfully he does the Passions move,  
 How at his Voice we Languish, Weep, or Love  
 Ev'n I, a Maid, of so untouch'd a Fame,  
 At *Cleopatra's* Grief must pity more than blame.  
 St. *Catherine's* Martyrdom has greater Charms,  
 Than the lewd Prince, imagin'd from her Arms.  
 Whilst *Dorax* and *Sebastian* both contend,  
 To shew the generous Enemy and Friend,  
 O, I should never cease, should I repeat  
 Each lesser part, of that which forms the great.  
 Fixt, like the Sun, Superiour and alone,  
 His Glories o're inferiour Beings shone.  
 Pale twinkling Stars all other Writers seem,  
 Nor warms, nor lights, tho' they'r in Numbers seen.  
 In him alone all Attributes were found,  
 And he the Universal God renown'd,  
 Unfollow'd drove, through all his own Immortal round.

**Melpomene.**

**Urania**



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## Urania : *The Divine Muse.*

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*On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;*

By the Honourable the Lady P-----

**W**HEN through the Universe with Horrour spread,  
A sacred Voice pronounc'd Great PAIN was dead,  
All Nature trembled at the dreadful Fate,  
And *Atlas* sunk beneath his pond'rous weight;  
The mournful Muses hang their heads with woe,  
While ev'ry Deity regrets the Blow,  
And to the holy Oracles, deny  
All farther Inspects of futurity;  
The Earth did under strong Convulsions groan,  
And Heaven did eccho back the dreadful moan:

With no less grief, with no less pain oppress'd,  
*Britania* felt the wound within her Breast,  
When through the murmuring Croud sad Accents bore  
The fatal News, that *Dryden* was no more:  
No more, to charm the list'ning World with Lays,  
But fled to sing his great Creator's praise:  
No more with artful Numbers, to bestow  
An universal Influence below:  
No more with all discerning Truth, to tell  
How they shou'd act, and how distinguish well,  
But Summon'd by *Apollo's* sacred Lyre,  
Now chaunts his Raptures in the Heav'nly Choir.

Loud were the Clamours, and the moving Cries,  
Which cut the yielding Air, and pierc'd the Skies;  
While on *Parnassus*, 'twas the Muses care  
Fresh Garlands for their Darling to prepare;

I search'd the Treasures of the Pow'rs above,  
 And form'd an Anthem on Seraphick Love :  
 New Themes we chose, not more polite than he  
 Has left already to Posterity ;  
 But those for which the Island does repine, : **Urania**  
 For which they still invoke his awful Shrine,  
 And with transported Sorrow loudly cry,  
*Virgil*, the Roman Eagles taught to fly,  
 But *Dryden* mounts their Pinions to the Sky }  
 To him proud Greece and Italy must bow,  
 And his sublime Authority allow,  
 Who by his never-dying Works, we see  
 Merits, and gives an Immortality }  
 Oh give us *Homer* yet, thou glorious Bard,  
 But if this last Petition can't be heard,  
 Yet like that Prophet, wing'd by strong desire,  
 Who broke from Earth, wrapt in Celestial fire,  
 Confer thy Spirit on the blooming Son,  
 And bless the Progress he so well begun,  
 Let Garth inherit all thy generous Flame,  
 Garth, who alone can justify the Claim,  
 He, whom the God of Wisdom did fore-doom,  
 And stock with Eloquence to pay thy Tomb,  
 The most triumphant Rites of ancient Rome.

'Tis this that fills *Urania's* Eyes with Tears.  
 'Tis this ungrateful Sound that racks my Ears,  
 Who now to thee, *Melpomene*, repair,  
 To mix my Sorrows with thy anxious care ;  
 Unite us all within thy gloomy Breast,  
 Where downy Peace, and Pleasure find no rest ;  
 There let us drink the Floods thou shedst, and then  
 A deluge of Despair pour out again.  
 What if our Tears shou'd drown the World a new,  
 The Sacrifice were to his *Manes* due.  
 Who now of Heroes, or of Gods can sing !  
 Who their Credentials from *Apollo* bring !



Where shall *Urania* now bestow her aid!  
 Or who great *Dryden's* Province dare invade!  
 Ah none such lofty Subjects can pursue;  
 The Muses have, alas! no more to do,  
 Than sing his Elogies, and so expire,  
 In the cold Urn of his extinguish'd Fire.

But stay, a sudden Thought does now revive  
 My drooping heart, and keep my hopes alive;  
 Behold in *Albion* lately did appear  
 A learned Bard, to *Esculapius* dear,  
 Well knowing in the Secrets of his Skill,  
 And surely foster'd on *Parnassus's* Hill,  
 Nor does the Chrystal *Helicon* below  
 A clearer Stream, than from his Numbers flow:  
 On him already all the Graces smile,  
 In him survive new Trophies for the Isle;  
 More I'll not urge, but know our Wishes can  
 No higher Soar, since *Garth's* the Glorious Man;  
 Him let us Constitute in *Dryden's* stead,  
 Let Laurels ever flourish on his head,  
 And let us to *Apollo* make our Pray'r  
 To Nominate him his Vice-regent, there;  
 By this *Britannia* shall her Joys retrieve,  
 Nor find that *Dryden's* dead, while *Garth* does live!

## Erato: *The Amorous Muse.*

### On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

By Mrs. S. F.

**I**N the wish'd close of Evening's welcome gloom,

My longing Steps reach'd an inviting bloom;

Whose untrod paths the sadning Cypress grac'd,

And in small Plats were foster Myrtles plac'd;

The lofty Cedars with extended Arms,

Twine to keep off the force of Roughest Storms,



And num'rous Towing Arbourets they made,  
The Solemn Glory of the pleasing made.  
On Verdant Moss Natures rich Cloth of State,  
By a clear Thrilling stream supine I late.  
Upon my Hand, my thoughtful Head Reclin'd,  
Sad, soft Ideas entertain'd my Mind,  
And I to Sing some Lovers fate inclin'd.  
But strait *Erato* whom I did inyoke,  
Forbid my choice her Speech abruptly broke,  
At last in Sighs the interdiction spoke.  
Ye shall no more Write tender moving strains,  
To please the Nymphs and melt the willing Swains.  
But to the World my Sorrows you shall tell,  
How I have griev'd since the lost *Hero* fell.  
My Darling *Dryden* whom I lov'd so well,  
He who has done such Glories to my Name,  
Immortal as my self has made my Fame.  
Watchful as Lovers I first saw his Fate,  
With raging Sounds *Parnassus*'s loss relate.  
Call'd all my Sisters with my Frantick Crys,  
And every God to join in th' Obsequies,  
With Tears made *Helcyon* Brackin as the Seas.  
Like a deserted Maid in Wild despair,  
I tore my Myrtle Wreath and howl'd my Hair,  
My Mantle rent and shatter'd in the Air.  
And in loose Cipress Vail'd my useless Charms,  
Sigh'd till I turn'd our *Aether* into Storms.  
No more I lewanton on our mountains Brow,  
Nor curious pains upon my Locks bestow.  
In amorous folds my azure Mantle twine,  
And sooth soft languishments in Airs divine;  
But careless throw me in some dusky Shade,  
Which Willows, Cypress, Yew has awful made;  
There to my Votrels, *Echo*, I'll complain,  
Whose Complaisance reverberates again,  
My piercing Groans through every Wood and Plain.  
Thus I and She in an Eternal round  
Will my Celestial Griefs for *Dryden*'s Death resound.

Dryden,

Erato: The Amorous Muse

On the Death of John Dryden  
I In the wild close of Evening's welcome bloom  
My longing steps reach'd an inviting shade  
Whose untrod paths the sad Muse's track  
And a small Pile were strew'd Myrtle bays  
The joy's Cedars with extended Arms  
T'wine to keep off the force of Raging Storms  
Will my Celestial Griefs for Dryden's Death resound.

*Dryden*, who with such ardour did invoke,

That I through him my greatest Raptures spoke;

Whisper'd a thousand tender melting things,

Till he writ Lays moving as *Orpheu's* Strings.

Oft I for Ink did radiant Nectar bring,

And gave him Quills from Infant *Cupid's* Wing,

Whose tender force did as Victorious prove,

As if they'd been the Immortal Shafts of Love;

Warm'd every Breast with a surprizing Fire,

And in the Nicest softest Thoughts inspire :

Such lustre still grac'd his *Magnetick Line*,

It was both irresistible and Divine.

With what Celestial cadence doth he tell,

The pristine Joys of Love ere Mankind fell

When in the blooming Grove the first kind pair

With amorous Sighs, fan'd the Ambrosial Air;

Smiling on flowry Banks supinely laid,

The ardent Youth prest the unblushing Maid,

In his soft Lines such Extracies they boast,

To hear their Loves, Rivals the Bliss they lost.

When *Cleopatra's* passion he adorns,

How nobly *Anthony* the Empire scorns,

Diffolv'd in her kind Arms transported lay,

For Love's soft Joys gave the rough Crown away.

Such Realms of Bliss the Hero still possess,

Sighing fond Vows on her returning Breast;

Who reads their Languishments their Passions feel,

Intranc'd in Joy too exquisite to tell.

When an incestuous Flame his Theme has bin,

He almost charms us to forgive the Sin.

My favourite *Ovid's* strains I did improve,

And taught my *Dryden* tenderer Arts of Love.

Such Arts had our addressing *Phæbys* known,

*Daphne*, tho' coy, had not unconquer'd frown,

But brought the Hero forth, and not their Crown.

He so advanc'd what ever I bestow'd;

I was Love's Muse, but he himself the God.



( 8 )

Euterpe: *The Lyrick Muse.*

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

An ODE By Mrs. J. B.

**I** Soft Euterpe, sweetest of the Nine,  
The most Inspiring, and the most Divine,  
By my own Lyre rais'd to extatic Joy  
Full of kind Influence expecting late,  
When tuneful Dryden would my Aid implore,  
Who with gay Transports did my Gifts employ,  
And meanest Thoughts above my Notes did soar.  
But strait a dismal, and unwelcome Sound,  
Fill'd all th' Aethereal Courts around,  
Great Dryden is no more.  
But like the common things in mortal State,  
Lost in th' impartial Gulf of an inevitable Fate.  
At the dread News, grief in all my Lustre veil'd,  
I broke my harmonious Harp and late,  
Threw by my softning Harp, my Flute,  
Not the least glistening Jewel of my Art,  
No radiant Nymphs about my Palace wait,  
Nor drink I any Nectar but my Tears.  
II.  
I with profoundest Cause, and sorrow mourn,  
Over my Dryden's sacred Urn:  
He was my greatest Glory, only boast,  
Though him I let ungrateful Mankind know,  
What mighty Wonders I could do,  
But now, like him, to the inferior World I'm lost.  
I taught Him all the softer Arts of Love,  
And Anthems so divine; he and the same above.



With an auspicious Pride I did dispence  
 My mighty Favours, when *He* did implore,  
 From my pregnant unexhausted Store,  
 Of tuneful Fancies, and harmonious Sence.  
 When I with gentle Fire have warm'd the Breast,  
 The Soul with pleasing Raptures blest,  
 The sacred Flame in ev'ry part does shine,  
 The *Product*, like the *Source*, is all divine,  
 And an immortal Lustre graces ev'ry Line.  
 Poetry's not th' effect of Art, or Wine, or Love,  
 Tho' *They* sometimes the Gift improve,  
 Nor is the warmth that Poets does inspire,  
*Vinum Dæmonum*, but Celestial Fire.  
 A God-like Ray enlightning from above ;  
 As decent Measures, reg'lar Motions be  
 Through all the tuneful Universe,  
 And speak in all a glorious Harmony,  
 Ev'n so the mystick Numbers of melodious Verse,  
 Are of th' intellectual World the sacred Symmetry.

## III.

*Dryden* I chose of all the tuneful Throng,  
 His Soul with ardour fill'd fit for immortal Song ;  
 Learn'd him all Lyrick Arts of Poetry,  
 Such as might with Celestial Notes agree ;  
 Which his Industry did approve,  
 In Celebrations, Elegies and Love,  
 And ev'ry Theme which his commanding Pen would try  
 With strength of Judgment, and profoundest sence,  
 With sparkling Wit, gay Fancy, Eloquence,  
 His Verse did all abound :  
 In him alone was found  
 The much desir'd, aim'd at Excellence.  
 In ev'ry Line magnificent or sweet,  
 Like *OVID* soft, or else like *VIRGIL* great.  
*Orpheus's* magnetick Harp less pow'r cou'd boast,  
 All *Rage*, unless in *Love* when e'er he sung was *lost*.  
 Above 'em all he rais'd his matchless Lays,  
 Glory of *Britain*, and Wits Empire too,

Which tho' the Subjects are but Few,  
 Did justly wreath him with deserved Bays :  
 The verdant Diadem which Laureat Crown,  
 Ne're look'd so fresh as when he put it on,  
 Then like his Lines with Godlike-lustre shone.

## IV.

With a Superior and victorious Grace  
 The Sacred Place,  
 He did almost unenvy'd assume,  
 I, pleas'd to see the Branches spread  
 O're his triumphant Head,  
 From th' *Helicon* Spring  
 Did Water bring,  
 Sprinkled them oft that they might ever bloom.  
 But, oh! they cou'd not stand the Rage,  
 Of an ill-natur'd and Lethargick Age,  
 Who spight of *Wit* wou'd *stupidly* be Wise,  
 All noble Raptures, Extasies despise,  
 And only Plodders after Sence will Prize.  
 They from his meritorious Brow  
 The Laurel tear,  
 Which none but he could justly wear,  
 And He must suffer *Abdication* too.

## V.

With Him they did suppress all lofty flights of Poetry.  
 All melting Airs, and rapt'ring Harmony,  
 But this Revenge, let Mankind take from me.  
 If any dare on *Dryden's* Death to Write,  
 Not to express their Grief, but shew their Wit,  
 I the Ambitious purpose will Reverse,  
 Deny my Aid,  
 And so shall each inspiring Maid.  
 Resolving ungrateful Man who could contemn  
 Such Noble excellence in Him.  
 Shall never more the blessing know,  
 We'll ne'r again our influence bestow.  
 Tho' 'tis pretended to adorn His Herse.



( Unless the generous *Montague* implore,  
 Then in him shall all our Glories shine as heretofore.)  
 But to express our own immortal Love,  
 We'll Solemnize His Obsequies above,  
 Our grief such Emphasis shall bear,  
 As no Corporeal Organs can declare,  
 And one Eternal Sigh spread thro' the Extending Air.

## Thalia : *The Comick Muse.*

*On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;*

A PASTORAL. By Mrs. M---

*Alexis, Daphne, Aminta, Thalia.*

*Alex.* IF falling Tears and Sighs too deep for Art,  
 Can paint the sufferings of a Bleeding Heart:  
 If all your looks so much of sorrow wears,  
 That they can speak, unaided by your Tears,  
 Why since my absence, are thy beauties lost,  
 What Cruel Grief, has thus thy Charms ingroft.  
 Say *Daphne*, tell *Alexis* why you Mourn,  
 Why this dejected Mien, why thus forlorn,  
 Is there a Swain you love without return.

*Daph.* That Staff and Scrip, speak your arrival new,  
 But you'll not long, be unconcern'd as now.  
 Why do I seem as chose by angry fate,  
 To give you Grief, whilst I my own relate.  
 For sure the Cause is common of our woe,  
 Judge what you'll feel, by what I undergoe,  
 Since ev'n your lov'd return can bring no Joy,  
 That Rival Grief, does ev'ry Beam destroy.  
 Our Bard is lost, our great *Apollo's* Dead,  
 Immortal *Dryden's* to th' Immortal fled.  
 Here let me Veil my grief, I can no more,  
 Until some Aiding God, my Powers restore.

*Am.*

*Am.* See poor *Alexis* turns aside to Mourn,  
The first assaults of grief, are hardest born.  
Nor asks he how his Flocks, and Pastures fare,  
Sing, *Daphne* Sing, to ease the Shepherd's Care.  
For sweetness to thy Voice, and strains belong,  
Sing to his Praise, of *Dryden* be thy Song.

*Daph.* Cou'd I like *Waller* Praise, his Praise wou'd be  
A Theam fit for my Muse, my Muse for thee.  
Cou'd I like *Waller* mourn, with unbound Hair,  
And Flowing Tears, the Daughter of Despair.  
Each Towing Hill, and every humble Plain,  
Shou'd Echo to my Voice, in such a strain,  
As thro' the Ear should wound the listning Swain,  
Then his unequal'd worth, I'de boldly Name,  
And whilst I gave receive a Deathless Fame ;  
For cou'd she e're a juster Wreath dispence,  
Than for excelling in such Excellence ?

*Alex.* Cease *Daphne*, cease, no Musick's in thy Song,  
Our Griefs so moving, and the Sence so strong,  
As not to be express'd by Mortal tongue.

*Daph.* I know my humble Muse, untaught by Art  
Must only hope to touch some easy heart :  
But if Sincerity be more approv'd  
Than Eloquence, by Interest mov'd,  
I best can know to mourn, who best have lov'd.  
Cou'd but the Earth be Summon'd at my Call,  
High from his Funeral Pile, I'de speak to all  
With gushing Tears, torn Robes, and stretcht out Arms,  
Invoke *Melpomene* with all her doleful Charms,  
And thus bespeak the wondring World with Cries,  
Deep Groans, and intermissionary Sighs.

*Tha.* See, *Daphne*, see, *Thalia* now appears,  
Call'd by thy powerful Voice, her Heav'n forbears.  
For passions oft to Swains in Shades have shewn,  
That but in Name, ours differ from their Own.

My



My Dryden's loss, our self with Swains will Sing,  
And Flowers and Garlands to his Triumphs bring;  
My Blissful Soul, that Loves with Joy to swell,  
Wou'd Mourn indeed, but not on Sorrow dwell.  
For this I left my deathless Sister's cries;  
To sing with mortal Nymphs his Obsequies.  
That once perform'd, our self we will return,  
The gay *Thalia* can no longer mourn:  
*Bring here the Spring, and throw fresh Garlands on,*  
*With all the Flowers that wait the rising Sun;*  
*These ever greens true Emblems of his Soul,*  
*Take Daphne these, and scatter thro' the whole,*  
*Whilst the Eternal Dryden's Worth I tell,*  
*My lovely Bard that so lamented fell.*

Such true delight his Comick Muse adorn,  
Here you are shewn the Vices you shou'd scorn.  
Poor ridicul'd *Melantha* bears her part,  
Her native Beauty's spoil'd by foreign Art.  
*Gonz*, the old, past any use of Life  
To all his less Diseases adds a Wife,  
Who does not then *Elvira's* Youth excuse,  
When gay *Lorenzo* offers the Abuse:  
But most I laugh, when *Dominick* is shewn  
Such Hypocrites, Religion shou'd disown.  
*Bring here the Spring, and throw fresh Garlands on,*  
*With all the Flowers that wait the rising Sun;*  
*These ever greens true Emblems of his Soul,*  
*Take Daphne these, and scatter thro' the whole,*  
*Whilst the Eternal Dryden's Worth I tell,*  
*My lovely Bard, that so lamented fell.*  
Shepherds, the Sun declines, or I cou'd shew  
O're all his well-drest Scenes, how Nature flows;  
What Strength, what Wit, what Learning in each part;  
Here to the Soul he speaks, there to the Heart:  
Tho' you attend with an unwearied Ear,  
Your Flocks and Herds seem to require your care;  
Here let us now our last sad Tears combine,  
Here let us all in solemn Mourning join.

E. *Bring*

Bring here the Spring, and throw fresh Garlands on,  
 With all the Flowers that adorn the Rising Sun;  
 These ever greens true Emblems of his Soul,  
 Take Daphne these, and scatter thro' the whole;  
 Whilst the Immortal Dryden's Worth I tell,  
 My lovely Bard, that so lamented fell.

## Clio : The Historick Muse.

### On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

By Mrs. M. P.

Immortal Clio thou my Breast inspire,  
 And set my Numbers to thy tuneful Lyre,  
 Whilst I a Requiem sing to Dryden's Name,  
 The fore-moſt Bard, and Eldeſt Son of Fame.  
 Ye tender Loves, in mumuring Signs deplore,  
 Him, whoſe ſoft ſtrain adorn'd the Britiſh Shore.  
 Whoſe Charming Verſe was Sung thro' all the Plains,  
 Mov'd the Coy Nymphs, and fir'd the Amorous Swains:  
 From Fields, from Silver Streams, and Groves come,  
 Bring all their Flowers to Deck your Maſter's Tomb.  
 Enrich his Hearſe, with Bays of Eloquence,  
 Sweet as his Numbers, Loſt to all the World.  
 Say how you ſag'd your Wings in that dark Day,  
 That ſnatch'd from Mortal Plains, your Fair away.  
 Say this and more, too much you cannot ſay,  
 Weep all with melting Strains in Comfort join,  
 In Solemn Woe, t' aſſiſt the Mourning Nine.  
 But when ye 'ave paid of Grief the mighty Score,  
 When pitying Gods ſhall bid you weep no more,  
 Sing their Immortal praife, how ſweet the ſong,  
 That gave our *Maro* ſo Divine a Song,  
 Whoſe Verſes ſhin'd like *Phaenice* on the Stage,  
 As *Milton* Soar'd, or any Muſicman ſings,  
 Of Love, of War, when e're his Harp was ſung,  
 All liſten'd to the Muſick of his Song,  
 And uſeleſs Flutes, upon the Willows hung.

But



But who on Earth can Boast of true Repose,  
 Pale Envy from her Snaky Bed arose,  
 In thousand Shapes his Merit to oppose.  
 As when conspiring Nations vainly join'd,  
 'Gainst some Hero's mighty Strength, and mightier mind.  
 Like *Hercules* the more his Glory grows,  
 And still survives the malice of his Foes;  
 New Labours add to his triumphant Bays,  
 And every Victim sounds his deathless Praise:  
 Thus Vertue higher flies oppress'd with pains,  
 And Valour brightest shines in dusty Plains.

Stop here, my Muse, no more thy Office boast,  
 This drop of Praise is in an Ocean lost;  
 His Works alone are Trumpets of his Fame,  
 And every Line will Chronicle his Name.

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## Calliope: *The Heroick Muse.*

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### *On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;*

By Mrs. C. T.

**C**Ease all my tender Sisters, now restrain  
 Your sacred Fire, you lavish it in vain,  
 At least no grateful Vows I'er shall hear again.  
*Dryden's* no more! Who with such Ardour pray'd,  
 And such rich Incense at our Altars paid.  
 He charm'd us to his Will, each Grove which he  
 Our Votary cou'd inspire, he all address'd,  
 And was by all with Emulation blest.  
 Who now such Offerings for our Gifts can bring;  
 Now sad *Melpomene* alone may sing,  
 Or we by her inspir'd, each break her Lyre,  
 And all be ever stil'd, *The mournful Choir.*

Yet you, my happier Sisters, still enflame  
 Some favourite Bard, who well invokes your Name;  
*Vanbrugh*, the *Comick Muse* has Grac'd with Praise;  
*Granvill*, whose well wrought Scenes the Passions raise,  
 In Tragick Strains shall long adorn the Stage;  
 And *Garth*, in pointed Satyr, lash the Age.  
 Each equal to his Theme, my loftier flight  
 Not daring yet attempt, Bl---re in spight  
 Of me, and Nature, still presumes to write;  
 Heavy, and doz'd, crawls out the tedious length,  
 Unfit to soar, drags on with Peasant strength  
 The weight he cannot raise; be his alone  
 The Glory of a Work, which I disown;  
 Heroick Dulness eternize his Fame,  
*Mevius* forgot, *Proverbial* be his Name;  
 Scarce was I more enrag'd against the Three  
 Affassins, *Chapman*, *Hobbs* and *Ogilby*;  
 The last my *Virgil* had defat'd in vain,  
 To all his Charms, by *Dryden*, rais'd again;  
 But still my mangled *Homers* Wounds remain.

With Envy he beheld fresh Lawrels spread,  
 On the Triumphant *Mantuan's* sacred head;  
 Who with Majestick mein (his Crown retriev'd)  
 The *Britain's* Homage awfully receiv'd.

I take, he said, these Honours as my own,  
 Grac'd justly with the Prize which *Dryden* won;  
 Let this, my Son, my grateful Tribute be,  
 That I am proud of Praise, I owe to thee.  
 That I confess thou mak'st my Genius shine,  
 In my own Numbers Drest, not more Divine.  
 Thus lively were the Images I drew,  
 Thus *Romans* saw Old *Troy* in Flames a new,  
 Thus interrested in *Aeneas* Fate,  
 Share all the joys, or hardships, I relate.  
 Thus join my Battels, feel the Wounds I pain,  
 Thus fought my Heroe, and thus Wrote my Saint.  
 Belov'd and pitt'y'd thus, Brave *Torvus* fell;  
 Both Vanquish'd by our selves, we drew so well,



The lovely Youth, all grieve his Fate to see,  
And less applaud our Hero's Victory.

With *Virgil*, *Chaucer* sings Great *Dryden's* Name,  
Who gave new luster to his darkned Fame;  
Dispel'd the Clouds by which he was conceal'd,  
And to his native Isle the Bard reveal'd;  
Not blest enough in his own glorious State,  
Till he to them a part Communicate.  
Of all great Actions by his bounteous Flame,  
Th' inciter and Reward: Now you who aim  
With fading Pow'r, at bright immortal Fame.  
Ambitious Monarchs, all whom Glory warms,  
Cease your vain toil, throw down your conquering Arms,  
Your active Souls confine, since you must dye  
Like vulgar Men, your Names and Actions lye  
Where *Trojan* Heroes, had not *Homer* liv'd,  
Had lain forgot, nor ruin'd *Troy* surviv'd;  
No more their Glories I can e're retrieve,  
For Nature can no second *Dryden* give.

## Terpsichore: A Lyrick Muse.

{ On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

By Mrs. L. D. *ex tempore.*

**J**UST as the Gods were listening to my Strains,  
And thousand Loves danc'd o're the Aethereal Plains.  
( With my own radiant Hair my Harp I strung,  
And in glad Consort all my Sisters sung,  
An universal Harmony above,  
Inspir'd us all with Gaiety and Love.)  
A horrid Sound dash'd out immortal Mirth,  
Wafted by Sighs from the unlucky Earth.  
Who'd think Celestial Forms should Sorrows know,  
Or sympathize with sad Events below;  
But by our great Immortal Selves we do:

For when the loud unwelcome Message spread,  
With dismal Accents tuneful Dryden's Dead,  
All our gay Joys in haste affrighted fled.

A sullen Gloom seiz'd all the Gods around,  
My feeble hand no more the Lyre could sound;  
And all the soft young Loves, with drooping Wings  
Lisp't their concern, and my neglected Strings  
Trembl'd themselves into a mournful Air,  
Then sigh and hush'd into a sad despair;

There let them ever unregarded lie

Apollo's too, doth cease its Harmony.

He with his sacred Nymphs profusely mourns,

With us the least desire of Respite lorns

Intire eternal Grief; our Beings seize

For him who best could us and Mankind please.

Great Dryden, in whose vast capacious Mind

Our utmost pow'r did sit reception find;

Which Favours he did generously dispence,

Joy'd the glad World with his amazing Sence,

And like us too diffus'd his Influence;

His Genius would such Inspiration bear,

That his illustrious Lines did not appear

As if our Product, but our Selves were there.

Mourn ye forsaken World, you ne're again

Be blest with so Divine, so great a Swain.

In you no more let tuneful Mirth be found,

The very Spheres shall cease their wonted sound,

And every Orb stop its harmonious round:

All Nature hush as if intranc'd she lay,

Sunk in old Chaos ere the inlight'ning Ray

Of Heaven awak'd her in the first-born Day,

With such still Horrour, lets our Sorrows bear,

Least Sighs in time Harmonious should appear,

If e're to Write again, is Man's intent,

Uncall'd on let us silently Lament,

And take his Works for an Eternal Present.

Polimnia:



# Polimnia : Of Rhetorick.

On the Death of John Dryden, Esq;

By Mrs. D. E.

**C**ALL'd by my Grief, *Melpomene* I come,  
With Radiant Tears, to Grace my *Dryden's* Tomb.

My imperial Father *Jove* has made,

Of powerful Rhetorick, the Glorious Maid.

But since my Heav'nly Birth did ne're inspire,

Nor Found a Soul Capacious of such Fire.

Pleas'd with the mortal Wonder, I look'd down,

And on his Brows fixt an Immortal Crown.

With Lovers hands, I lavish all my Charms,

Gave up my self, to his more Lovely Arms.

When his unequal'd Works so loudly Sound,

Where Energy, and Rhetorick abound,

And every Grace that's in *Minerva* found.

An Mournful Sister, thou my Grief must share,

A loss so vast, no single Breast can bear.

Wreath me in my Dark Robes, I'll warch thy Eyes,

Mingle our Tears and Eccho to thy Sighs.

Of Eloquence no more, the use I'll Boast.

That all Arts, are in my Lover Lost.

Incessant Groans, be all my Rhetorick now,

My Immortality, I wou'd forgoe,

Rather than drag this Chain of endless Woe.

O mighty Father, hear a Daughter's Pray'r,

Cure me by Death, from deathless sad Dispair.

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